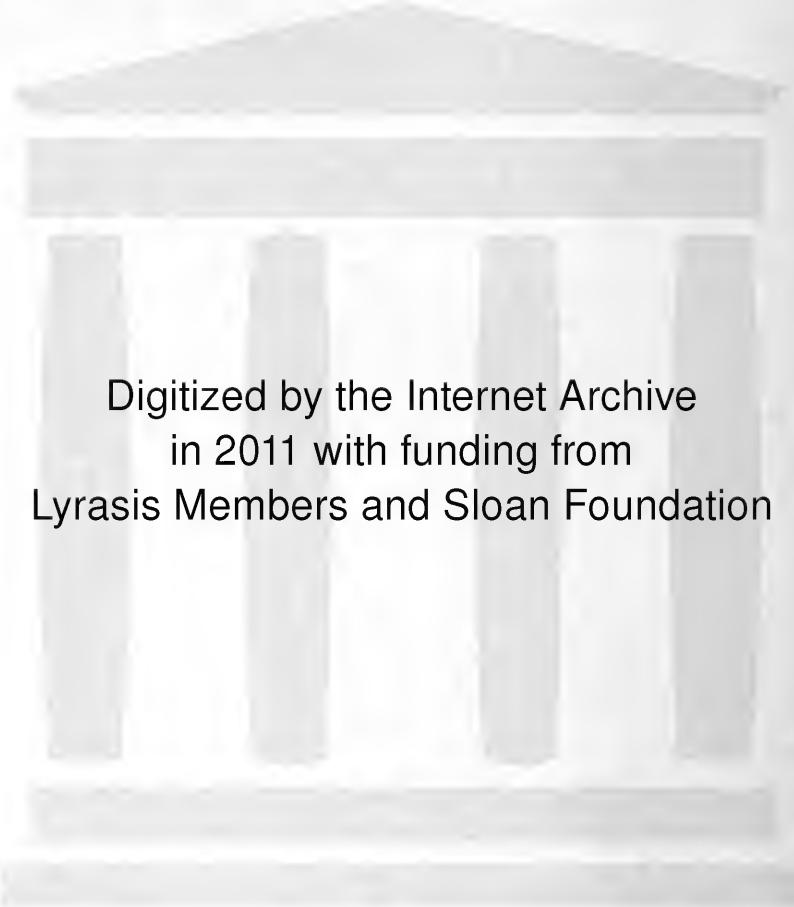


IVY LEAVES

1964



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IVY LEAVES

Vol. I

SPRING, 1964

No. 1

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Students of Anderson College were asked to submit suggestions for the title of our newest publication. It is with glee and gratitude that we thank Ellen Tillotson for her suggestion, IVY LEAVES. It is a fitting and proper name . . . May the contents of this magazine also reflect the fit and the proper.

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Editorial

In October of 1925 Anderson College published its first literary magazine, THE ORION. This magazine contained short stories, essays, poetry, and literary criticism.

The YODLER replaced the ORION in the year 1926. Contributors to this magazine were members of the literary societies, The Esthesian Literary Society and the Lanier Literary Society.

In 1950 the college produced another literary magazine entitled FOOTNOTES.

Now, in 1964, Anderson College again revives the literary magazine as an aspect of education. This new publication, IVY LEAVES, is compiled with inspired ideas of students who are interested in writing for pleasure and for the sake of learning.

We add our appreciation to those who have made this publication possible.

The Neglected Tool

The Ability to learn is Man's greatest tool,
And he who denies this is but a simple fool.
Could one stop talking, stop hearing, stop seeing?
Could one stop learning and not stop being?

—JOAN BAKER

The Sticky Town

By BILLY HOPKINS

She couldn't be still. She was alone—so very much alone. She sat in a dimly lit corridor and wondered about things—herself, her own life, and the whole of her relation with the world in general. The nurses swished by smelling of canned spray starch, and the thoughts of the stiffness of the pure white uniforms made her itch.

She had been there an hour—waiting, wondering if he would live, wondering if anything in her past had been worth while. The fresh, clean smell of anesthetics cleared her mind, and the act of recalling was thrust upon her.

She remembered. It had been only weeks ago. She had been working in a small store in a small town full of even smaller people. Ah, how she hated them, how she still was nauseated at the thoughts of smirking faces—faces wrinkled by years and yellowed by cowardly gossip. She trembled at the ideas and pulled the knitted sweater she had borrowed closely around her.

She recalled the morning in her coffeebreak at the lunch counter when everyone was anxiously wondering why the bus was late. They were always wondering about something. She had been taught the use of respectable language, but the word "bastard" seemed to flow from her mind in relation to that town's people. It flowed correctly. It fit. She relaxed a little.

A nurse stopped and asked if a cup of coffee would make her warmer. She shook her head and peered embarrassingly at the woman in white as she marched stiffly away. That sticky starch. Those sticky people. And then the recollection of the slimy, oozing, sticky blood that she had shrieked at but wiped lovingly from behind his ear came back slowly; she choked on the thoughts. How she had suddenly loved him and everything about him the moment that the drugstore owner ran screaming down the street that the bus had wrecked on the bridge and one of the men passengers was dead. She loved him then in her own silent way, and in this silence she knew.

There had been so many moments she had wanted to live with him, so many small ideas she had hungrily desired to share with him. Now she was sure this was not intended. She had never been any more positive of anything.

No one would approach her with sympathy streaming from his eyes and inform her of his death. Why should they? They knew no one would care about such a big, husky, queer sort of man. Why, he didn't have a friend in the world. He was a "no-gooder," they said.

She smiled.

She rose from the bench and started home. In their noisy, sticky way these people never had time to explore the depths of the undercurrents of life—the undercurrents of chance and mystery and love.

In her own silent way she knew.

A Long, Long Road

Death pursued me down a long, long road
She offered to carry my heavy load
She taunted and teased and pulled my heart's strings
When I was suffering she offered me wings
"Death, leave me alone," was my weakening plea.
My only aim was to live and be free
I tried to walk—I struggled to run,
Yet the chase of death had just begun.
Now many days have by me passed
And soon some day will be my last.
Death is my friend—no longer a foe
As hand in hand down life's hill we go.

I have fought the fight with a steady pace
But now "sweet Death"—you've won the race.

—GLORIA VEHORN

Like A Diamond

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are
As you sit amidst our class
Like a diamond—or is it glass?

—JOAN BAKER

Great writers are merely unfulfilled readers.

—RICK FRANKLIN

Look Deep

Don't look around with sad despair
and notice only sin,
Remember truth the food of life and
on this depend.

Don't lose yourself among the world,
or among your own words or mine.

Don't fail to notice the leaves of grass,
that gaze upon the common last
Of all this world, and then they cry,
to hide within a secret sigh.

They cry, not for all the world
for it is still at large,
But rather for separate ones who are
floating lost,
Upon some unstable barge.

—BILLIE ROWE

The Pinnacle

It seemed as though the world stood still
As I was climbing up life's long hill,
But now that I have reached the top,
I have rushed through life, only to stop.

—JOAN BAKER

Ambition

In youth I did aspire to write my name
High and lifted up upon the scroll
Ensconced in letters plain upon the roll
Of those of ages old who merit fame
For deeds of high renown and feats the same
As those of heroes who from depths of soul
Poured out their energies upon the knoll
Of this earth's sphere in life's fell game.
In life's ripe age ambition flares no less,
Only the goal assumes a modest hue,
To toil amid my friends in humility
And give to pupils, sons, and daughters the best,
To render to posterity their due,
And thus gain earthly immortality.

—ROBERT S. MOORE

Why?

By JOE CHESTNUT

The small boy sat on a pile of shambles which two hours earlier had been his home. His dark eyes seemed to ask questions of people who were not there to answer. Wonderingly he watched the long, seemingly endless stream of green-clad men trudge wordlessly through the mud toward the east. They were tired, judging from the placid, motionless faces. They were burdened with canteens, packs, rifles, extra ammunition, and overcoats. Their never-blinking eyes neither looked at home nor wandered across the devastated area.

For as long as he could remember his world was constantly filled with destruction and confusion; now it was even worse than before. For now he no longer had his mother, who had been trapped in the ruins of his home, to console him. His father had been killed during the invasion of his homeland some two years earlier. Although he could not remember the gallant man whose name he himself carried, he had been told of many glorious deeds performed by this admirable hero. Now all alone, the youth through silent tears questioned his surroundings.—“I wonder why?” he thought, “I wonder why?”

Hobo

An abandoned plan
An earnest cry
An outstretched hand
A sigh to die
A hatred of God
A curse for man
A lack of love
A lonely man.

—CAROL GIBSON

To Learn

I am born and in my being
there is a dull
obscurity of meaning.
I am a searcher and in my wanderings
there is a lurking shadow
of ignorance.

I live not only to live but to learn.
Fate forbid my being laid to rest
in a slimy world of unknowingness.

—BILLY HOPKINS

Poetry

Fish and animals are oft said
To live a captive life,
Does man have it any different
With all his worries and strife?
Life is more than sweetness,
But it does involve that too,
I'd rather be man, and out,
Than a fish that's in, wouldn't you?

—HENRY STANFORD

The Life

The Life lived long,
The Life lived strong;
It had no name or place
Just time's eternal face.

And with death came Life,
A world void of sin or strife;
At last Life found its end
Where it had always been.

—CHERYL LANDIS

Then Comes The Morning

By ELLEN TILLOTSON

The train slowed to an even stop, but as if for fear of never starting again, it never stopped making its chugging sound. While the train paused, a few people with suitcases dangling from their wrists descended the uncomfortable looking steps. One of these people came over to Sonta, who was leaning against a big post and looking very much alone. Sonta wasn't as tall as the man who had come over to him. Sonta looked like a man who had been a little stunted in growth. His thick blond hair blew in the breeze. He had his hands in the pockets of his light tweed suit. Despite his being alone, he looked very content.

"What's your name?" blurted out the confident stranger.

"Who wants to know?" was the reply Sonta made.

Sticking out his one free hand—for the other one had a suitcase in it—the stranger smiled and said, "Your brother."

Sonta looked at the outstretched hand while his remained in his pockets. Then he looked into the man's eyes. A smile spread over his clear, pleasant face as one of his hands lifted out of his pocket and into his brother's hand. "Notty!" he exclaimed, and they both laughed together.

Notty was a tall, dark-haired gentleman. He had on a dark suit. Both were young, pleasant-looking gentlemen. The family resemblance could easily be seen in their faces. Both had wrinkles at the tips of their eyes when they smiled, showing a keen sense of humor. While Notty had a confident air about him, Sonta seemed to have a wise way about him.

"Let's go to your house," Notty said as he clamped his arm around Sonta's shoulders and started walking.

They walked along the side of the railroad track for a long time. At first the backs of dirty red brick buildings and grassless white dirt backyards lined the view on their right while the railroad track with grass and weeds on the other side of it lined the view on their left. Then buildings became more spread-out, and in the distance Notty could see a group of white-washed houses.

"There's my home," Sonta announced as he pointed his finger in the direction of a house.

They crossed the hard, white dirt road, Notty's arm still over Sonta's shoulders. He continued talking as he had all the way home. Notty had never seen this house his brother now called home. He commented on the neatness and whiteness of it while he took his hand from Sonta's shoulders and started to open the waist-length picket fence which was also white. Just then, Notty noticed a black girl standing in the shadows of the next house.

"Who is that?" he questioned his brother.

"My neighbor," Sonta said quietly as he opened the gate to his own house.

"No, wait!" Notty held his brother back. "She looks dirty, and

her dress isn't becoming. You must buy her a new one."

"I bought her that one," said Sonta.

"Her house isn't as clean as yours. You must paint it."

"Come on, big brother. Come into my house."

"No! You must marry that girl, brother. She's got to feel wanted."

"I can't marry her. It wouldn't be right."

"Why wouldn't it be right? She's a girl, isn't she?"

"It matters whom you marry."

Notty grabbed Sonta by the arm to make him come with him. Sonta pulled roughly away with an angered look on his face. Notty looked gravely into Sonta's eyes for a while, then grabbed his arm again—this time more firmly. Sonta hit Notty's wrists with the side of his hand to loosen Notty's hold. When Notty started pulling him down the road, Sonta started struggling and got away. A fight ensued. The fight lasted a long time, but because Sonta was smaller Notty won. Notty looked down the street and saw a church. "Get ready for the wedding," he told his brother. "I'll prepare the church." On his way down the street to the church, he yelled happily to the black girl next door. "Get ready. You're going to marry the boy next door and be happy in his wealth the rest of your life."

"I don't want to marry him," she timidly announced with an angry look on her face. "I'm happy the way I is."

"You'll be prettier if you marry him. You won't have to work to live. You ought to marry my brother."

"I'll get ready for the wedding," she stated and went into the dark house.

Notty went on down the street towards the church picking flowers from the sides of the street to make the wedding more beautiful.

Later Sonta, looking all clean and neat, came out of his house and walked to the gate, opened it, and started walking down the dirt road toward the church at the end. He stopped in front of his neighbor's house, and the black girl came out looking very shy and very sweet. She walked to her gate, he opened it, and she came out. They walked together down the dirt road toward the white church at the end of it.

A young girl with eyes of blue, whose long blond hair mingled with the wind, and whose complexion was fair as white roses, appeared and stood on the top of the hill up the street opposite the church. Sonta didn't see her for she was way behind him, but she could see him. She watched Sonta and the black girl walk together down the street towards the white church at the end. Her eyes were not smiling. Her lavender lips were silent. Soon tears came and she wept, for she loved Sonta. God had meant for fair Sonta and this fair young girl to be married, but someone else had told Sonta what to do and made him do it.

Despair

Like cold rain snuffing out the bright flicker of a candle,
Despair fills my heart to overflowing.
Like a grey mist hanging over my head
Is my rejection of all mankind.
Darkness creeps into my soul
Stealing away the last bright glow of love.
Only endless unhappiness awaits me.
No more shall love be mine.
Like cold rain snuffing out the bright flicker of a candle.
My tears destroy all hope;
My life is nothing.

LYNDA WATKINS

That Sudden Thing

It was not half an hour that I knew him
But the moment my eyes met his
I was aware of something strange, yet real.
The world had his mind for twenty years;
I only had his heart for twenty minutes.
That sudden thing which overcame me then
Will never, ever recur, for I shall turn my back.
What does life hold for me now?
Is it worth mere exciting?
For just yesterday I met him, now he's gone.

—EMILY COGGIN

Mirror Reflection

By LYNDA WATKINS

Quiet! All is quiet! Too quiet! I know the hour is drawing closer. It's almost noon. Why doesn't someone speak? Everyone is waiting. The vultures! Waiting for what? I'll tell you—they're waiting to see me die. Yes, die. Die for something I did? Sure I did it. I killed him and with great pleasure, too. Pleased then, but not now. There's no pleasure now. Somebody, please help me!

I remember so vividly. If only I could forget it. I needed money. Dad had plenty but wouldn't give it to me. Work? I can just see the day I work for money. Dad caught me going through his pockets. Once, twice, three times, and then he was silent! Everything has been silent since then. Oh Lord, I didn't mean to do it. Not really. The time is closer now. Why, it's almost dark!

What? Dad is holding a little boy by the hand. It's my hand. No, that was long ago. Now he's playing football with a teenager. No! No! No! I've just got to quit thinking! Stop it! Quit hitting him! Quit! No, now it's too late. The sun has already gone down.

Where are you taking me? Where? I can't see. I can't breathe. It's dark. It gets darker and darker. I see a hand. I've got it! Dad, Dad, is that you?

Easter Morn

By TISSIE BLESSING

Sunbeams, dancing through the stained windows, made a rainbow of light wherever they fell. Organ music drifted with the quietness and finally mingled with whispers as the church began to fill. Bright colors spotted the pews which were each occupied by an amazing array of hats. A smile captured the expression of each person and especially the children, who were as polished and shiny as the new shoes they wore. Flowers adorned the shoulders of many and filled the air with a clean, outdoor scent.

The minister rose. A silence enveloped the congregation. With an upward motion of his arms he declared, "Christ is risen!"

Another beautiful Easter morning was born.

When Success Is Success

There is a calmness that comes after disillusion,
From hope compromised, not great dreams realized,
A serenity that silently envelopes conclusion;
And solemnly looks on success disguised.

Tranquility comes to lives where catastrophe has a part,
Not from the undetoured, uncurling road of happiness and fun;
But in the strength of that unmined granite in the human heart,
Disinterred by decisive crises met, small victories won.

—CAROL GIBSON

Defeat

A broken will, but not from failure;
A clouded mind, but not from thought;
An encumbered body, but not from labor;
A vision veiled, I am not blind,
What then can this malady be?
I have no courage to begin my task.

—CAROL GIBSON

Snow-From A Pine

Fluffy, fleece-like flakes of snow,
Weighing down my branches so,
That when I try to see the skies,
Dewy flakes get in my eyes.

Downy-Tufts so light and white,
Make me glisten in the night.
When at night the moon does shine,
Snow drops dribble down my spine.

—BUDDY GLEASON

Kind World

A minute speck in the space of time,
Less than a bit in the universe
Am I.

—ELLEN TILLOTSON

What Am I?

As I survey God's wondrous world
My heart is filled to overflowing
With the majesty shaped by Him.
The rushing, roaring beauty of the tempestuous sea,
The quiet, fragrant beauty of the fragile rose,
The tall, stately beauty of the giant oak,
The awe-inspiring beauty of a summer's sunset.

'Tis then the question comes to my mind
As I stand amidst all this splendor.
What is the purpose of my existence?
I am but one person in a busy world of millions;
I am but a small dot in a large sphere;
I am but a mortal creature with immortal dreams.

—JUDY WRENN

Words

Words can hurt
more than stones,
Words can reach
beyond return.
Words can open
to a truth,
Words can close
to abuse,
Words can live, words can die.
Words.

—PEGGY PERKINS
TISSIE BLESSING

Again It Rains

I'm far away from home,
Yet it is in my heart;
For the sound of rain where'er I roam
Brings love, and you—a hearth!

A thought of you is all I need,
No matter what the day unfold,
My lonely aching soul to feed
And quieting, ease and rest to hold.

Ease and rest—a home indeed!
And that is why I own
The sound of rain is all I need;
For rain brings you and you are home!

—MARIETTA McCOWN

If Ever

If ever you feel lonely and blue,
 Come on home to me.
If ever you feel like crying,
 Come and cry on my shoulder.
If ever the world seems colder,
 Come and warm by my heart.
If ever you're hungry,
 Come and feed on my love.
If ever you're forsaken,
 With you I'll share my faith,
So that you may
 Regain your strength . . .
Come to me no matter the day . . .
 No matter the need . . .
I'll be waiting.

—PEGGY BROCK

Darkness

Is darkness death?
Is darkness alone?
 Who knows?
Is darkness fear?
Is darkness hate?
Is darkness dread?
 Who knows?
What is darkness?
 Who knows?

—PEGGY PERKINS

Life's Void

Hark! Hold on!
Eternity is passing
I reach out—
And grasp nothing!

—SHIRLEY VICK

Forsythia

The sky was dark; the day was dreary.
The world was sodden, wet and weary.
The passing scene was dull, drab gray.
A dank and dismal, dripping day.
Though life was stirring in the earth
Foul Winter's grip held back Spring's birth.

And then, a cluster, golden bright,
Of strong pure yellow caught my sight,
With captured sunshine waving there
In each long frond to lift my care,
And from the roadside spoke to me,
"Bright days will come, and Spring! You'll see!"

W. F. WEST, JR.

The Dreamer

Who, me? Not I!
People say, but I don't know why,
That I am a dreamer.

Me? A dreamer?
Why, that's absurd!
I'm as level headed as one can be.
And yet they say I dream all day
Of things that can not be.

They say I make everything ideal in my dreams,
All that may be true,
But how do THEY know what I've dreamed,
Unless they've dreamed them too.

—JOAN BAKER

Destiny

Why the weapon?
Protection, we say.
Far be it from our immense imagination
The deaths this viper has caused,
Hidden behind man's clown-like profile
Like a shadow.

"On to the moon," we say.
The child is starving still,
But we look to the space beyond.
The human mind we have yet to conquer,
Break shackles of ignorance and prejudice
That have warped the thoughts of man.

—LANE KOWALSKI

Autumn Mountains

Yes, they are mine, inside of me;
I love each glowing lovely tree.
Their flowing limbs are wide and high;
They seem to be reaching for the sky.

The air has the tang of new made wine,
In these beautiful autumn mountains of mine.
I gaze in awe, and I breathe delight
At their spicy smell, and wondrous sight.

Their mosaic colors of scarlet and gold
Give my heart a lift, as they unfold.
From the valley deep to the heights above
I sense the feeling, too, of God's love.

—MRS. ELIZABETH LEE

From Dawn To Dusk

The world's at peace before the dawn--
And thus it will remain as long
As restful sleep will do its task,
Destroying unpleasant memories of the past.
The morning skies are filled with clouds
That mingle and begin to shroud
The landscape. Through the hazy morn
At once a gentle breeze is born
To tease the Weeping Willow tree.
The droning hum of the idle bee--
The babbling of the crystal brook--
The way the dew-laden daisies shook--
These are seen and heard by the one
Who, taking refuge from noon's sun,
Sits quietly in the rambling shade
To view, with wonder, all God has made.
Once more the dusk begins to fall;
Announcing, as it comes, to all
That sleep serene is here to stay
Bringing the end of a perfect day.

—LINDA McDUGLE

The Splashing Sea

I like to go visit at the sea;
It is as restful as it can be;
I love to watch a wave's white cap,
Splashing into the earth's huge lap.

RICHARD DRENNAN

Legend Of The Bluet

There was a wee fairy,
Perched on a strong nest,
Made of copper and candles,
And a sweet solemn rest.

Along blew the wind,
In a spirit of jest,
And out went the light,
Leaving the candles at rest.

The wee fairy was sorrowed,
For the loss of the light,
And in her blue eye
Came a sweet tear so bright.

To the earth fell the tiny tear
So fine and forlorn,
And out of her sorrow
A blue star was born.

—ELLEN TILLOTSON

Unconfined Greatness

* Written after visiting President Kennedy's tomb

Here lies an active, noble man today,
Who sought to save our nation from distress.
To think a man so great would ever lie
In such a small and silent plot, at rest.

No large, pretentious stone is there to mark
The resting place for such a valiant soul,
Who living, made the nation strive for light,
And dying, made it undivided, whole.

TIM HICKS

Death Of Innocence

My youth is flowing away, and I am
able to notice this, and fear all
the rest.

My life was new and unstained by sin
when first I gazed around.
It was gay and lacked only the bad--
the world that lay waste--around.

I've failed the test, I've entered the
world and its sins I've absorbed
within.
My young life has met the old, innocence
has grown dim.

Awake, young youth, awake today, crawl
from your pearl white shell and
cause the world to tremble.
Make known your name and speak your
mind, not in the chorus assemble.

—BILLY ROWE

"Hast Thou Entered into the Treasures of the Snow?"*

Chaste, benevolent snow,
That clothes a naked ground;
Fleecy, beneficent snow,
That blankets a chilly sphere;
Crystalline, purifying snow,
That cleanses a sordid land;
Quiet, tranquilizing snow,
That stills a chaotic world;
Glistening, beauteous snow,
That frosts a huge, dull globe;
God-given, miraculous snow
That transforms bleak Earth
Into a beatific Heaven,
Show me to your Creator that He
May envelope earthy me
In Christlike beauty.

*Job 38:22

—ELIZABETH B. TISDALE

"Hovering Glory"

Each night as the clock
Strikes the hour of darkness,
She spreads her lavender frock
And pink frills about the city,
Happily lending her beauty
As background for the slender
Memorial of the Father.
Gently she enwraps
Her colors about the dome
Which serves as roof
For the Signer,
And about the square building
That houses
The seated figure
Of the Emancipator
She stretches her arms.
As morning nears,
She draws a curtain of fading black
Around her
And sheds her dress of velvet
And frills of pink
To enwrap herself in a dress
Of clear blue,
With a cloak of fiery orange
To again glorify
Her staunch patriots!

—PEGGY BROCK

Nature

Who is Nature, and where does she rest?
The flowers, the trees, the sparrows' nest.
The green fields of corn, the gold fields of grain,
The lovely sunrise, the crystal rain.

Who is Nature, and when is she near?
In the warmth of Springtime or Fall of the year.
In the heat of Summer, when all is gay,
In the cold of Winter, when the sky turns gray.

Who is Nature, and why is she here?
For she shines like the sun and is swift like the deer.
For she travels the sky from the east to the west,
For she guards the earth with her life, her best.

Who is Nature, and how shall she be named?
By the bubbling brooks and the roaring seas tamed.
By the quiet of evening, when all is at rest,
By Nature alone shall life be blest.

—PAULETTE HOLBROOK

Life As We Make It

Man is like unto the tree that grows tall and strong;

Or he is like the weak, small oak plant that is cursed upon.

Man is like the clear blue sky on a bright sunshine day;

Or, he can be as the underbrush receiving not a single ray.

Life can be as beautiful as the deep green valley;

Or, it can be as the soggy swamp without a single tally.

It can be as abundant as the great wide, beautiful sea:

Yet, it can be like the small water hole under an old oak tree.

Life can be as the luminous sun that shines so bright;

Or, it can be as dark as a cold winter night.

It can be as bright as the stars on a moonlight night;

Yet, it can be dull as the cloudy sky which yields no light.

Man can be as big and strong as the mountain so high,

Or as small and weak As the echo's reply.

—BERNIE COLLINS

A Family Affair

His heart ceased beating--

He stopped breathing--

He died just like anyone else.

But it was different--

He was not just any man,

He was more than a President,

He was more than John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

His death

Was a personal matter,

And left

Multitudes in grief.

For those who had no father, he was one.

The hearts of mothers he won;

To the men, he was a son;

Prince Charming to many a young girl,

Big brother to many a young boy.

He had filled their hearts with joy.

His charm, his voice, his smile--

All made them let him visit freely

In their homes--for awhile

Or for a long time--

The dishes dirty, heads in curlers, shoes unshined.

No matter, for he was no stranger--

No intruder was he--America was his family.

—PEGGY BROCK

An Individual

Fighting to be left alone, alone, so, I may
travel beyond this cage that's called
my head.

The trap is sprung, the bird is caught and
with grains of memories and desires
is fed.

But why is this cage so stable,
Why is this world so wrong?
The answer is hidden within
the bird's own song.

Oh, to be different, sings the bird.
Oh, to be different.
Different from the rest of the "Klan."

To sing of no sin but of beauty and truth.
To awake each morning with a spark in
my heart for a song crying and pleading
to thrust through.
To fly to a far away land.

The song ends, and the cage remains locked
while the bird lives with despair in
the air.

Yes, while the world is quiet, I too will
make flight.
I will escape from myself someday. I will
go to a land of deep seas and pure
white sands. I'll develop my own
special flare.

Here I will rest.
Here I will grow and learn of my own self only.

Here I shall lie with the serf by my side,
And live in a world of no phonies.

—BILLIE ROWE

The Others

Will I ever understand
The thoughts and motives of my fellowman;
And will I someday find entrance
Into their harshness, inhumanity, arrogance?

Can I, then, upon understanding
Plot the course of my demanding
Their perfection
And my acceptance?

—CAROL GIBSON

Conversation Of The Assassinated

It is 2 a.m. in the nerve center of the Western World and ghosts walk. The resident of the big house at 1600 Pennsylvania has just retired for the night. Down the hallowed halls they walk past portraits of former occupants. There is proud George, farseeing Woodrow, bouncing Teddy, outspoken Harry, General Don't Tell Me Your Troubles, and the others. A small group they are, just four in number as they walk. One can easily be seen as he walks proud and tall; another is young and just recently joined the group and walks with a slight inclination of his back. As they walk past, one can hear the conversation.

The plump one has just spoken, and he is very angry because the young one has been forced to join them. "Why?" he has just asked. "You had just begun. You were close to your people, very close. Why?"

"Not so fast," spoke the one in the middle, "I was close to my people too. It only takes one, you know. Just one in a million."

The young one now spoke in a jumpy but intellectual manner, "In retrospect, I wonder just how close I was. Maybe I wasn't at all."

The short one spoke again still quite disturbed. "Yes, you were close. We were watching you. You were brave, strong, and fearless. They needed you."

"I know," the young one answered, "but I still wonder why. I wondered if it was the same question that disturbed you in your time, Sir," he addressed the tall one who had not yet spoken.

Before the tall one could answer, the short one spoke once again, "No, it was not that. These people are crazy. They're mad. They are damned. They don't deserve a leader."

Now spoke the tall one in a slow deliberative manner, "Who are we to complain? Mankind has even dared to kill God."

And they walk on . . .

—IKE McLEESE

Who Knows?

Alone am I in a vast, dark world.
Somewhere amid this my heart was hurled.
Is my happiness also there unfurled?
Who knows?
. . . Who knows?

Where is the strange power that possesses me?
Whose is the strange voice that addresses me?
What is the strange urge that obsesses me?
Who knows?

Could it be love,
Or could it be a fantasy?
Could it be fate,
Or could it be infinity?
Who knows?
. . . Who knows?

—JOAN HARRIS

